

## **Beekeeper**

The thrash determines a maximal rate  
spilling your liquid soliloquy  
into pathways your friends recognize  
muscular, not envisioning a sequence

until Jasper pipes up, unfortunate crooner  
doomed to synthesize approximate voice  
that we in the bleachers sort of pine for  
until love becomes ventroliquism

I didn't mean for it to end this way  
bodies on the fence, a swinging ceremony  
lionized as "the godfather of lyric"  
until a nearby truck unloads our vegetables

hey you sitting on your neighbor's porch  
something set the planets in their motion  
while I keep recommending the wrong book  
the painter grinds her powder, desolate

the sun until it hands off godliness  
to a distracted order called the day  
or what we made of it, a bird that falls  
toward ground that even faster falls away.

**- John Beer**